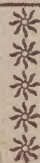




January, 1911



Published by the
Undergraduates of the University of Alberta



The University of Alberta

STRATHCONA



Session 1910-11



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THE GATEWAY

Vol. 1

STRATHCONA, ALBERTA, JANUARY 20, 1910

No. 3

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Of Alberta and the West
Tell the memorable tale,
How there broke upon the rest
Valiant profs. from Queen's and Yale,
From McGill, Paree, Toronto, Harvard, Guelph,
Armed with stylographic pen—
Strangest weapons known to men!—
Onward strode the dauntless ten,
Scorning pelf.

And their captain from the East,
Putting on his fighting smile,
When the foemen's words, like yeast,
Frothed around them for a while,
Spake: "O men of letters, hearken unto me.
In no ordinary fight
Are we called to close ere night,
Yet my plans of battle might
Helpful be.

"For I know that you propose
That we combat vocally,
And so terrorize our foes
As the Teutons did, you see—
Or, like sirens, it may be, captivate!—

THE GATEWAY

We will draw with every tongue,
 From the Zulu, Nibelung,
 From the gory French that sung
 Charles the Great.

"So, my henchmen, start the fray
 With a battle-cry in Greek,
 Follow up with German, say,
 On the left wing, where they're weak,
 And initiate some Latin in the rear;
 Whilst in hyperbolic curve,
 Graced by differential swerve,
 Some with saltatory verve,
 Plunge and veer."

Now this barbarous attack
 Of concerted snarl and bleat
 Drove the crude Albertans back,
 Forced surrender and defeat,
 Doomed them all to end their days in prison cells,
 But they grew to like the change!
 Brethren, let your pity range
 To these captives learning strange
 Battle-yells.

R.

Farmer Jones—"Well my boy,
 what are you going to take up?"

Jones Junior—"Pharmacy."

Farmer Jones—"Farmacy? Well
 you could have stayed at home for
 that instead of spending all that
 time and money at school."

* * *

Student (to landlady)—"And
 haven't you any fancy dishes in
 this boarding-house?"

Landlady—"Oh, sure; Maria,
 fetch in your grandad's mous-
 tache cup."

"Wise men hesitate; only fools
 are certain" observed Misener.

"I don't know about that" re-
 plied Miss Rutan.

"Well I am quite certain of it."
 exclaimed Misener.

Then he wondered why she
 laughed.

* * *

"They say he is very versatile."

"How's that?"

"Well, he's ready to shirk all
 kinds of work."

THE WORLD AT LARGE

"Quidquid agunt homines."

The British elections have come and gone and it turns out to be pretty much a case of "as you were." The administration is fractionally better off than before the appeal to the country, but can plead no imperative commission to destroy the Lords, lock, stock and barrel.

Mr. Balfour displayed his usual tactical astuteness. He realized, as all people on the ground realize, that a campaign against the ancient upper English class—nineteenths of whom are the fine flower of humanity and both patriotic and philanthropic citizens—is sure to be an unpopular crusade. The Conservative leader, therefore, on the eve of polling, deftly announced that victory for his party would not be considered a mandate for enforcing Tariff Reform. This made the House of Lords the only issue, and a decisive judgment might have been expected. But a vague and irresolute "as you were" was all the people had to say in answer to the politicians' loud calls for a clear-cut verdict.

The real power, as before, lies in the hands of Mr. Redmond, and he and his Irish Nationalist colleagues are quite aware of their strategic position and apparently stand ready—for a consideration—to join with the Liberals in smiting the Lords. The "consideration" is Home Rule for Ireland. To the outsider this demand seems within measurable distance of fulfilment, but it must not be forgotten that there are two Irelands, and that Mr. Redmond and his allies represent only one of these—the more populous, but not the more prosperous.

There are no more deep-seated

differences than those arising from race and religion, and Protestant, Saxon Ulster, centering in the great industrial and commercial metropolis of Belfast looks contemptuously at the South, needy and workless, while the Celtic provinces, poor and proud, return the stare from dear, dirty Dublin with interest. The great gulf fixed between Irish Presbyterian and Irish Catholic is apparently impossible of bridging, and when there come hints that, if a Home Rule measure be forced through the British Commons, Ulster, dour and determined, may meet the issue by resort to arms, the news need not be regarded as being incredible. As is always the case in politics, while the public is being amused by stage-barkers and shouters, the real drama is being enacted behind the scenes.

* * *

There have been recently some interesting developments in connection with the International Peace movement. The ideal of the permanent abolition of war is something with which no right-minded man can refuse to sympathize, and while the practical man with some knowledge of history and biology may feel dubious of the result, he will refrain at least from sneering.

It was only the other day that the press announced the gift by Mr. Carnegie of the princely sum of ten millions of dollars towards the furthering of the cause of world peace. Perhaps even more significant is the statement that Mr. Taft is to propose to the American Senate the amendment of the existing arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the Re-

public to the effect that the contracting parties should agree to submit to arbitration questions affecting their "national honor." It is probable enough that the British Government—regardless of which political party were in power—would listen sympathetically to any such proposition—supposing it should receive the sanction of the American Senate.

As a matter of fact a moment more opportune for the discussion of such an idea could hardly be selected. Canada is the only one of the British nations whose interests are frequently apt to bring her into collision with the American Union, and everybody knows that Ottawa and Washington, after years of petty mutual mistrust, are now, with practically all differences satisfactorily adjusted, on the most cordial and neighborly good terms. As the Gateway goes to press representatives of His Majesty's Canadian Government are in Washington at Mr. Taft's invitation to see if it be possible for the two countries to come to more friendly trade arrangements than those embodied in the preposterously tall steel-spiked tariff fences which at present bar commerce and irritate good feeling.

* * *

In Canada nothing of a particularly exciting nature has been going on. Christmas and New Year have come and gone, and we are already beginning to talk optimistically of coming railway development, of new immigration, and of next summer's crops, each of which, we confidently tell one another, is to break all previous records.

A good deal of interest has been aroused by the outcome of the re-

cent bye-election in St. John, Quebec. In the light of the spectacular fight in Drummond-Arthabaska, the contest must be looked upon, in spite of its being merely to fill a vacancy in the Provincial House, as a distinct set-back for Mr. Bourassa and his Nationalist following and as distinct an endorsement of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the naval policy. The government seems disposed to go resolutely forward with the naval scheme, and Canadians generally, whatever their views on the naval question—which is certainly a large enough one to allow for honest differences of opinion as to how the Dominion can best bear her proper share of an honorable burden—will not shed many tears over the rebuff administered to Mr. Bourassa's group.

* * *

Not content with his journey to Hudson Bay last year, it is now rumored that Earl Grey will strike north during the coming summer through the Edmonton hinterland and follow the Mackenzie to the Arctic, there to be met, it is hoped, by H.M.C.S. "Rainbow" and brought back in some comfort and dignity to one of the Pacific ports. Lord Grey has been one of the most useful of Canada's viceroys, and not the least useful of his acts was his traversing of the proposed route of the Hudson Bay railway and the emphasizing again of the fact that the Dominion has not only great portals east and west, but also a postern gate of no mean significance. His Excellency's descent of the Mackenzie—one of the great rivers of the world—would bring home to Canadians in a most picturesque way the immensity of their heritage.

President Lowell, of Harvard, who is proving to be well worthy of the mantle of his illustrious predecessor and a most courageous critic of respectable abuses in the college world, has again been attracting attention. This time it is "organized cheering" and the rag-time music to which the American student is addicted that Dr. Lowell condemns. And indeed, however thunderous the sound produced, it is hard to have any patience with such a travesty on cheering as the "organized" variety offers. Some time before the Harvard-Yale football match, for instance, it is customary to gather as many students as possible, and, leaders having been appointed, these train their pupils in the systematic production of human noise. During the game the result is rhythmically deafening, but this machine-made din simply kills the spontaneous cheering to which the excitement of the game would naturally and properly give rise. It is to be hoped that President Low-

ell's protest on behalf both of spontaneity in cheering and of cultivated music will be widely heard, and at least to some extent effective.

* * *

In Alberta the enactment of the University bill marks a distinct forward step in the history of higher education in the Province. The new legislation which incorporates the latest and best thinking on the problem of university organization, provides the University of Alberta with administrative machinery and financial maintenance which should be adequate for a good many years to come—apart of course from the requirement of legislative grants for necessary buildings. The Board of Governors has already met and set harmoniously to work, and the year nineteen eleven appears to be ushering in a new era of enlarged usefulness and increased prosperity for the provincial University.

LETTERS FROM A SON AT COLLEGE TO HIS DAD

(No. 3)

Whyte Ave., Strathcona,
Alta., Jan. 20th, 1911.

Dear Dad,—I am sorry I did not get home at Christmas. I did not enjoy myself very much at Ponoka, where I spent the holidays. The friend that I was staying with had three sisters and a brother and six cows and a horse and a dog called Bruno, so you see it was a regular sort of live-stock

farm. On Christmas Eve we all hung our stocking up by the fireplace. In the morning, wild with excitement, I rushed to open mine, which was hung near the centre. The rest gathered around to see me open it. I put my hand in and drew out a parcel tied with red ribbon. Imagine my astonishment when opening it to find that it contained a ladies' hair rat. In my amazement I called out, "A

rat!" whereupon each of the three young ladies jumped upon a chair that matched her dress and started to yell. After some trouble I managed to explain the kind of rat I meant and quiet was once more restored. I again put in my hand, and drew a long, thin parcel from my stocking. Upon opening it it proved to contain a hat-pin. My embarrassment was becoming awful when one of the girls discovered that I was opening her stocking instead of my own. I gladly surrendered the things I had got and took my own stocking to my room. One of my friend's sisters is very musical and one day she was explaining the musical science to me. Among other things she told me that "pp" meant very soft. Soon after, at lunch, she asked me how I liked my eggs boiled, and remembering what she had been telling me I answered

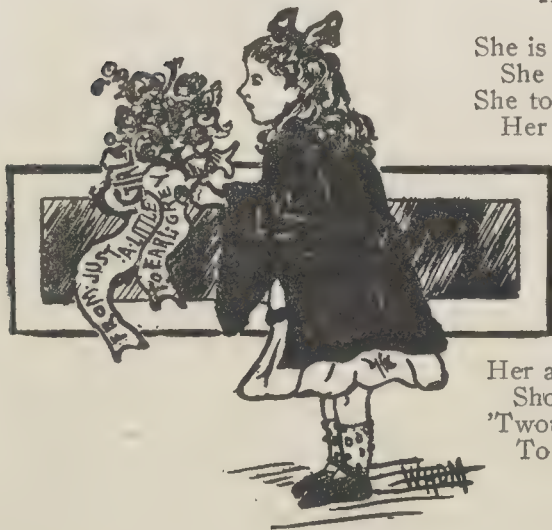
"pp." Strange to say she merely grinned. I have started reading Boswell's "Life of Johnson," but haven't got to where he licks Jeffries yet. Just before Christmas we had a theatre party. The show was very good. One of the fellows took up a box of flowers onto the stage and gave it to the wrong girl amidst loud applause from the rest. We are studying Rousseau now in French. I find it quite interesting. He says the best way to teach a child not to go near the water is to let it fall in and get drowned. This is certainly an original point of view. Remember me to Ma, etc.,

I am, your loving son,

BOB.

P.S.—The finals are on now. Happy New Year, and all the complaints of the season.

A CHILD WONDER



She is an infant prodigy,
She is Alberta's pride,
She toddles around the 'Varsity,
Her hair in kid-curls tied.

She dotes on Aristocracy,
She's hob-nobbed with
the Greys,
She bust conventionality
By throwing them bou-
quets.

Her air of self-complacency
Shows that she's sure of this,
'Twould make an awful vacancy
To lose the little miss.

THE CAMP CALL

Stretched in the sun on the green grass of May, near the Queen's Avenue School in Edmonton, we didn't look as if we had a high and mighty purpose in life. But the fact is we were waiting for the train—had been waiting since five-thirty in the morning—that was to take us out west; and what we were going to do there—we didn't quite know, but it wasn't going to be anything in the ordinary run of students.

Ottewell was feeling placidly self-satisfied in his big blutchers and overalls; and well he might for had not the man with the spectacles at the breakfast table, asked him if he worked in the brickyard. The sharp newsboy was not so easily fooled but catching sight of the tell-tale initials on the sweater, called out derisively "Alberta College," for the information of all present. For myself, I was positively uncomfortable in my brand new khaki coat and black overalls, that might suggest anything but what they were intended to. Four months later the same clothes returned, proud of their holes and railroad mud. A large crowd were waiting in this open-air station, for the train to come up, and many of them interviewed us. We were going to work on the railroad, we informed them. There was nothing strange in that; all sorts of mis-fits in all sorts of clothes were going west to work in the construction camps. But what were those long, lean parcels we carried? Oh, maps. And what for? What good would they be to us if we got lost? This brought out the second and more important side of our aims for the summer. By noon the train came along, we piled in, and in a

few moments were out of sight of old Edmonton.

Wolf Creek! It was about five-thirty in the morning and we tumbled out to see the renowned city. There was nothing in sight but the tamarac and pine on the low muskeg. It was cloudy, drizzling and cold. We were told that we were about half a mile from the city; that the trainmen had stopped there because it so pleased them; they were tired from their all-night run and wanted their breakfast and a sleep; after a while they would tumble our baggage out into a ditch for us, but just now they didn't propose to be disturbed. We began to feel that we were out of civilization. "Worse'n the White Horse Railroad," the old Klondyker grumbled, "a fellow has to pay his fare and pack his own baggage."

The crowd was streaming up along the grade so we followed, and soon found Wolf Creek. It was a wild and rough spot to our eyes, and if it had any beauties, as it surely had, we were blind to them. On the flat, covered with stumps and fallen trees, were many long, rough warehouses, big, canvas-covered sheds, stored with hay and grain, huge piles of squared timber, etc., which indicated that temporarily Wolf Creek was the supply point of the immense construction work going on for a hundred and thirty miles west. Up the ridge rising from the flat, ran the main thoroughfare. On either side ranged the rough buildings of log or lumber, many of them roofed with canvas. The big tent marked "Starvation Restaurant" took our fancy. Four eggs and a cup of strong coffee each, put us in better spirits, so

we began to explore. A bunk house on the door of which was a placard bearing the strange device: LICE, seemed worthy to be investigated. We were soon quite satisfied that the place had earned its distinction.

It was beginning to snow now and as we had a number of things to arrange we saw that we could not leave town that day. We had no friends in the place and did not feel tempted to stop at the inn of the strange device, so we bethought ourselves of looking up the missionary, if there was one, from whom we might expect a welcome, shelter, and some information. We were not disappointed. We found the young man fixing up the interior of his 'tabernacle in the wilderness,' a large, square tent with lumber floor. He took us into his own small, bachelor quarters, made us royally welcome, and entertained us for a day and a night. He shared with us what he had, and we fared well. It might take a mathematician to figure out how three could dine from two plates, one cup, one saucer, two knives and one fork, but it offered no difficulties to our host. All day we talked, told yarns and sang, at night we spread our blankets and snored in unison and harmony. We were delighted to learn that our entertainer would be a student in our university in the fall and that we would have the pleasure of helping to give him a proper reception. Next day, all arrangements having been made, we took leave of our kind friend Mr. Cummings, and set out on our walk. Ottewell was bound for Mile 36, I had decided to settle at Mile 23, and Carr, who was com-

ing later, was to pitch his tent at Big Eddy, Mile 14.

About four inches of snow had fallen, and was now melting; the clay was gloriously sticky; the road ran down valleys and up slopes and wound in and out through the great jack-pine forest, our packs grew heavier every mile and the straps cut our shoulders. "Dear old bed-clothes," we cried as we threw ourselves down on our blankets to rest. At last when we seemed to have walked many miles we came to a camp; it was just supper time, indicating that we had been four hours on the trail. Mile 3, we were told, but we had walked seven miles by having taken the 'tote road' in stead of the railroad grade. So rowful, but wiser, we ate our supper and resumed our tramp. We made four miles more and slept in a hay loft.

Next morning we were up early, got our boots on somehow (for they were frozen stiff), and set off again. The first sight that greeted us was a magnificent one—the Rockies all shining in the glory of sunrise. The next thing that took our attention was a large clearing in the flat muskeg—the townsite of Edson. Station-workers with wheel barrow and shovel were moving the wet, peaty soil to form the grade. We did not dream that within three months, a town would spring up larger and better than Wolf Creek, and that Edson lots would be selling in Winnipeg at from two-hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars.

The next five miles were hard going. The land was low and wet and there was only a narrow, deep-worn path to walk on. With

our heavy packs we could not make more than a mile an hour on this soggy trail. Every here and there we came across the lonely station-workers, usually Swedes, toiling away with wheel-barrow and shovel, and living in poor, moss-covered huts. They are too independent to work under a boss, and besides, at this kind of work they can make as much as a hundred dollars a month.

By noon we came to the Big Eddy where Carr was to pitch his tent. Here the McLeod River bends almost double forming a large eddy, and into the eddy flows little Sundance Creek. Over the deep, wide valley of the creek an immense trestle was being built. It was on this structure that Carr spent the most of his summer, and could enjoy the scenery from a height of a hundred and twenty-five feet, as he walked about on the six-inch girders. There was

also a railroad camp on either side of the valley, making in all three camps that could be served by one tent. It was a beautiful spot and we envied Carr his situation.

From this point our journey was easier. We were travelling through a rolling, sandy country, covered with poplar and pine, and dotted with little lakes. A wagon going our way picked us up, and we thoroughly enjoyed the rest of our trip. Before six we arrived at Mile 23. I reported to the foreman, and was given a job as teamster. Ottewell had still thirteen miles to go, and hard travelling they turned out to be; but for the present we were forgetful of the morrow; in our thankfulness at having a good place to rest; and we were entirely engrossed in the study of our new surroundings, a study too long to detail in this chapter.

(Concluded in Next Issue.)

THE NEW ERA

Land of sturdy tilth and of sylvan
freedom,
Freedom such as none but the
west-born tasteth!
Now thy darling nymphs and
alas! thy shepherds
Bow them to book-lore.
Gone the native grace, aye, and
gone the primal,
Couth uncouthness, Queen, that
adorn thy children.
Yet take heart once more—An
apostate freshman,
Hands thee in Sapphics!

The First Church Bijou in Edmonton has been obliged to disband its congregation since the Theologs moved to Strathcona.

Small son—"Pa, who was Gulliver?" Pa—"Shame on you, my boy, don't you ever read your Bible."

* * *

Visitor—"I see you have a college in your town. May I ask who founded it?"

Native Son—"I never knowed it was lost."

* * *

Professor—"Why did you come to college? You are not studying."

Willie Rahrah—"Well, mother says it is to fit me for the Presidency; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum for her to marry, and Pa to bankrupt the family."—Puck.



He handed her the flowers, saying, "Stick 'em in your hair."

There was pride in Urquhart's manner,

As he straightened out his tie,
There was ease in Urquhart's bearing,

And a smile in Urquhart's eye.
He smoothed his coat, and brushed his locks

From off his furrowed brow—
Then seized the box of flowers,
Grimly hissing, "Do it now!"

A girl appeared upon the stage,
With dainty elfin pace,
Poor Urquhart's head began to swim,

A pallor crossed his face;
He jumped upon the stage at once
Like one beneath a charm,
And firmly hugged the box of flowers

Underneath his arm.

The science sat in silence,
As he bravely stepped along.

They held their breath and trembled

For fear he'd do it wrong;
But Urquhart knew his business—
With a graceful courtly air
He handed her the flowers,
Saying, "Stick 'em in your hair."

As Urquhart sought his seat again
The playhouse rang with cheers
They echoed in the gallery,
And hurt the people's ears,
But the science stopped their howling,

And their looks began to pall
As they saw that Urquhart hadn't
Got the right girl after all.

The moral to this little tale,
Is short and sharp and sweet,
"Don't let your eyes get dazzled
By the first girl that you meet."

She hit her limb against a limb
of the table and passed up her
plate for a limb of turkey. I wonder
if that turkey left any limbacy!

An awfully nice freshette met
an awfully nice freshman. They
had an awfully good time together.
(Note.—This is an awful joke.)



Back again for the work of another year! Thrilling with the accumulated energy of a vacation spent among old friends and associations we turn to the final month's work before examination with a keenness and gusto which should make failure impossible. New Year wishes are being expressed on every hand, hope rises high in every heart, confidence beams from every countenance, and the air is surcharged with new resolutions. To the man who would say that New Year's day is as any other day we are constrained to reply that an institution is judged by its results, and in the impetus it gives to everything which tends to lead us forward and lift us upward surely our custom of regarding the New Year season as one of retrospection and shaping of new ideals has more than justified its existence. Let us begin the year nineteen hundred and eleven with high hopes of the most vigorous determination to make it the best ever for ourselves, for the University and for all the interests most worth while with which we are connected. The Gateway extends to all its readers the best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

Recent developments in connection with the University of Manitoba seem to us at this distance to indicate very clearly the

advantages of having higher education directly under state control. The management of that institution is a fearful and wonderful affair made up of representatives from federated denominational colleges together with representatives of the graduates. The department carried on under direct state supervision and at state expense is that of applied science.

As a result of this the history of the institution has been a very chequered one owing to a certain lack of harmony and the absence of a recognized head of the University as such. The latest development points to a disintegration of the whole scheme; the committee recently engaged in looking into the situation appears to have thought that the best solution of the problem is for degree conferring powers to be given the various denominational colleges.

It looks as though Manitoba were about to follow the unfortunate example of the Maritime Provinces in having a large number of Universities hampered by limited constituencies and financial difficulties. Surely some people of our own province could find in these object lessons something to give them pause in their attempts to tear to pieces the University scheme, by means of which a strong state institution can be built up which will be an advantage and a credit to our province in many ways.

By the time this reaches our students all will be more or less severely attacked with the prevailing malady of the hour, examinitis. Examinations are viewed by the majority of the students as a sort of necessary evil which must be faced and surmounted on the way to the desideratum, a degree; or perhaps as an opportunity for malicious and remorseless examiners to catch the unsuspecting victim and render his college life a burden. Is this a fair attitude toward these tests by which educational authorities have seen fit to try out generations of students from time almost beyond memory? We hardly think that it is. To the faithful student examina-

tions have no terrors, as they only stand for him as times when he may, so to speak, verify his observations and take a new departure. They stand in academic life for the crisis which must be faced in every calling, and which are no cause for apprehension to the man who makes every part of his work, not only a means to an end, but also an end in itself. In the true sense every day's work should be an examination and those which we are accustomed to term as such, merely the natural conclusion of the daily accumulations of the term. No, examinations are no bugaboo to frighten children but testing times to give the finished temper to the sterling metal of which true men are made.

STUDENTS' Y. M. C. A.

The rapid growth of the Bible study movement in connection with the students' Y. M. C. A.'s of America (or, should I say of the world?) is one of the most remarkable, as well as one of the most encouraging, signs of the progressiveness of the age. The students of 1911 will shortly be the ministers, the legislators and, in short, the leaders in all branches of human activity. Now, while these men are absorbing a certain amount of learning, and while their minds are in a receptive state, is surely the best time for them to study the Bible and to make their knowledge of the scriptures more efficient. Because intimate knowledge of the Bible tends to make it a vital part of man's life, Bible study in the students' Y. M. C. A. will have an influence which can hardly be over estimated in all civilized countries and will be the begin-

ning of better things for other lands.

"Thirty-five hundred college men—Bible class leaders and Bible work organizers in America—are beginning their campaigns to bring a knowledge of the Christian Scriptures to not less than 180,000 students!" Just think what that means! A very small beginning of what it means is, that all those class leaders and organizers are getting a training which will stand them in good stead no matter what their future calling may be. Then each of them who is thoroughly in earnest about his work cannot but get a deeper insight into the principles of Jesus Christ. And each of these stands a better chance of becoming a real gainer through his college life than those who take no active part in the work. But every man of the other 180,000 should be far from being the loser in the highest things of life.



HOCKEY

The opening game of the A.A. H.A. Northern Division was played on Jan. 3rd, at the Thistle Rink, Edmonton, between the Bankers and Varsity. It was of unusual interest because both teams appeared in public for the first time. When Varsity won by a score of 12 to 7 congratulations came in from all quarters.

The line-up was: May, Dobson, Hepburn, Dean, Goodrich, Blayney, Martin.

The Bankers' score would not have been nearly so large if several Varsity players had not shown a decided partiality for the time keeper's box. It is probably correct to state that the Bankers only scored twice against our whole team. One Varsity player was on the fence four times in the first half and he was there in the second half too. The Bankers scored four goals while two Varsity men were serving five minute penalties. We say "cut it out and play the game."

The Varsity combination was good. Goals were made by Goodrich, seven; Dean, four; Martin, one.

The evening of Friday, Jan. 6th was an exciting one for the Varsity fans. The seniors met Y. M. C. A. for our second game

in the A. A. H. A. Immediately followed the first game in the Intercollegiate League with Varsity juniors pitted against the Edmonton High School. When both games went to the green and gold, the first by a score of 6 to 1 and the second 5 to 4, the enthusiasm of the spectators knew no bounds.

The senior line-up was the same as before with the exception of Fife in the place of Martin. The game was so one-sided that it really lacked interest. The Edmontonites who were backing their teams and even the press from across the creek, seemed to feel things were not happening just as they should. Our forwards skated circles around the visitors, our defense was principally engaged in making eyes at the fair members of the audience, while it is said that Court May actually ate a lunch while in goal. Hepburn enlivened the proceedings somewhat by doing fancy skating and some athletic stunts on the ice. The judge of play did not like this and put him on the fence and asked Fife to take a little rest at the same time, just in order to make things fairer all around. Our guests took the hint and modestly helped themselves to one score. Of the Varsity goals Blayney is credited with four and Goodrich two. After

that, all the forwards practiced long shots from centre ice seeing who could get the closest to the nets without endangering the man in goal.

The juniors did not have such a walkover, and their match was much more exciting. The E. H. S. players were small, but they certainly could skate and shoot some. Varsity lined up Clark, Rogers, Urquhart, Rutherford, Martin and Moller against them. At half time the score was two for each team. The High School then rushed in two more. Things became rather quiet around the boards for a few minutes until Rutherford found the nets twice in quick succession. Rogers then made a grand dash with the puck almost the entire length of the ice, and put in the winning shot. For the last few minutes the play was hard, both teams doing their utmost, but there was no change in the score.

The junior team plays up well, but its forwards do not show the condition or the combination of the seniors. A few more practices should remedy this.

The new crests with green wings and V on a yellow field, look well. They certainly would show up to the very best advantage on Lacombe or Calgary ice.

The criticism which was offered that the University was a little premature in entering provincial hockey has already been amply refuted. There have been many predictions as to what the result will be when the teams of either city meet Varsity. That will be settled with the Deacons of Edmonton as this issue goes to press.

Mr. J. A. Alton received a scalp wound from a skate at one of the practices before holidays. Fortunately it was not serious and he was able to appear at lectures next day.

Mr. C. P. Hotchkiss is around again, but will remain a fan for the rest of the season.

Hockey Schedule for February Games

Seniors—Feb. 3, Strathcona at Varsity; Feb. 7, Varsity at Y. M. C. A.

SOCIAL

The Alberta Women's Association were "At Home" on Saturday, December the tenth, from four until six o'clock to the women students of the University and other friends. Mrs. Broadus president of the Association received the guests and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. D. S. McKenzie and Miss Archibald dispensed the refreshments, assisted by Miss Kathleen Lavell and Miss Agnes Wilson. The table looked very pretty with shaded candles and lovely carnations. At one end Mrs. Beck

presided over the tea urn while at the other Mrs. Bishop served the ices.

On Monday afternoon, December the nineteenth, Mrs. J. M. Millar entertained the members of the Wauneita Society, from four to six at a merry little thimble tea. While the needles were being busily plied a "yes" and "no" contest was engaged in, the honors being carried off by Miss Helen Montgomery.



At a table littered with books,
 His fingers stained with ink,
 A student sat, in student-wise,
 Trying so hard to think—
 Read! Read! Read!
 For professors have no hearts,
 And still in a voice that all could hear,
 He sang this "Song of the Arts."

Read! Read! Read!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And read—read—read
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's Oh! to be out on the farm
 With a certain country lass,
 With never a junior or senior course
 And ne'er an exam to pass.

Read—read—read,
 For my prof's are never content,
 And what are my wages? A hard exam,

THE GATEWAY

Red ink—and fifty per cent.
 That tattered gown—this furrowed brow—
 Pale cheeks and thinning hair—
 And a mind so blank an idea I'd thank
 For sometimes falling there!

Read—read—read!
 From weary chime to chime:
 Read—read—read!
 For not to read is a crime!
 Latin, History, French,
 English, Philosophy, Greek,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
 And rest I fain would seek.

Read—read—read!
 In the chill December light,
 And read—read—read!
 When the weather is warm and bright,
 For only one short hour
 To play as I used to play,
 Before I knew the woes of exam's
 That are never far away.

Not even one short hour!
 "No respite!" Hear them shriek:
 "No blessed leisure for food or fun,
 But only time for Greek!"
 A little dancing would ease my limbs
 Or hockey, but alas!
 I have 'Manly's English Prose' to read
 Or else I cannot pass.

At his table littered with books,
 His fingers stained with ink,
 A student sat, in student-wise,
 Trying so hard to think.
 Read! Read! Read!
 For professors have no hearts:
 And still in a voice that all may hear—
 Would it could reach a professor's ear!—
 He sang this "Song of the Arts."

Visitor—"What position does
 your son play in his college foot-
 ball team?"

Mother—"Oh, he is one of the
 drawbacks."

EXCHANGES

Exchanges have been received
 from the Signa Albertana and Vox
 Wesleyana.

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ALBERTA COLLEGE

Alberta College is now a twin institution. The new A. C. has arrived; and it has come very quietly, so quietly in fact that none but the street car conductors are aware of the existence of a college in the backwoods of Strathcona. There it stands, however, an institution, alive with some 50 or more students and each day approaching nearer to completion. The "crossing of the river" was made on Tuesday, January 3rd, and at noon on that day dinner was served for the first time in the new quarters. Thirty-five in all participated in this historic event. Since then the numbers have been gradually increasing, incidental to the great influx of students into the old A. C. in

Edmonton. There the building is already crowded to the doors.

In the new A. C. classes have been in full swing from the commencement of the term, and though in some respects there are incidental discomforts, the spirits are high and prospects excellent—in fact, never better.

As when Julius Caesar crossed the Rubicon, although on a different errand and uttered these memorable words: "The die is cast," so might the Board of Alberta College have said when they crossed the Saskatchewan and cleared a patch on which to rear the structure then in outline on paper and in mind. In truth, the die is cast, but the students are with the Board in their efforts to make

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We await the coming of the university into their splendid new quarters, which foreshadows the

possibilities of the near future in a handsome Arts building.

Skating Party.

On Friday, January 6th, there was a chance given to renew old friendships with the old A. C. by means of a skating party. This was held on the rink at the College, Edmonton. Needless to say, everybody enjoyed the evening on the ice—and the company.

Tommy (after being thrashed by his father)—"Is my grandpa your father?"

Parent (shortly)—"Yes."

Tommy—"Well, I don't like his son."

* * *

Miss Robinson (after chair upset in library)—Well, I didn't fall down in class anyway."

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"THE COLLEGE WIDOW"

On the night of December the nineteenth, many of the peace-loving folk of our sister city across the water sat up and wondered at the repeated 'rah, 'rah, 'rah of the Varsity students. After a long process of reasoning, however, they concluded that it must be students' night at the Theatre.

The play "The College Widow" was very entertaining and an appropriate one for that evening. Professor and Mrs. Kerr chaperoned the party and the science men were there in the capacity of demonstrators of the gentle art of hooting. It is commonly believed that the Alberta College students were present also but this statement has not yet been verified to the satisfaction of the many.

Certainly everyone knew that one of her former students partici-

pated in the event. On behalf of the science class he came forward on the stage with a bouquet of flowers, but his debut, if it may so be called, was more romantic than scientific. Quaker-like some spirit working through him caused him to mistake one of the minor characters for the leading lady. Fortunately this error was rectified very nicely by presenting the real college widow with a large box of chocolates and a beautiful bouquet of carnations with the compliments of the Arts Class.

Prof.—"Now then, what are you doing, learning something?"

Pupil—"No, sir, I'm listening to you."

* * *

Student (home for the holidays)—"Then I was matriculated."

Fond Mother—Oh, you poor dear, and did it hurt you much?"

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